

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

OCCUPATION OF THE PEARL FISHERS A DANGEROUS ONE.

While at Work He Is Surrounded by All Sorts of Danger—H. P. Whitmarsh, a Successful Diver Describes His Perilous Adventures.

(By H. P. Whitmarsh.)

FISHING for pearls is a profitable occupation, but full of danger. Formerly the calling was monopolized by the natives of the tropic shores whose operations were confined to the shallow waters, or at best depths easily penetrated by divers without apparatus. But when the shallow waters were denuded of their pearls, more venturesome men went into the business, fitting themselves out with boats and diving suits, by means of which they could search deeper waters for the ocean's only gem.

Pearls are found in most tropical waters. The market, however, is principally supplied from the gulfs of California and Mexico, the northern coast of Australia, Ceylon, and the islands of the Pacific.

Though pearls are found in almost all mollusks, the true pearls of fashion are only produced by the pearl oyster or mother-of-pearl shell. And here let me say that pearl diving means not only fishing for pearls, but also the shells which contain them. The commercial "M.O.P." shell is in reality the bread-and-butter of the diver. In size they are about as large as an ordinary dinner-plate, and their weight, when cleaned, averages 2 pounds. When sold in London market they bring from \$100 to \$150 per ton. On the spot they are reckoned roughly at 2s. a pair.

From Torres Straits, good pearling grounds extend far east and west. Here land is representative of nearly all other fisheries diving is carried on by means of longer-rigged boats, ranging in size from five to twenty tons. This style of craft has proved to be most suitable, as they are easy to handle and can be shifted quickly. They are built with a certain regard for speed, for the reason that the better the sailing qualities of the boat, more time the diver has for work below. The boats are fitted with air-pumps, and carry a crew of five Malays and a diver; the latter being also the captain.

There is a scattering of Europeans among the divers—principally English and Germans; but Kanakas, Malays, East Indians, Japanese, and Chinese make up the greater number.

Next to a good diver and apparatus, a reliable "tender" is the most necessary adjunct to a pearling lugger's outfit. He it is who holds the life or signal line, and looks after the general welfare of the diver when below. The "tender" is the second in command. He must keep his weather eye "lifting" for signals, the movements of other boats, and should be a wide-awake fellow; quick to act in an emergency, and constantly alert.

On the pearling grounds, with the first streaks of dawn, blue wreaths of smoke arise from every boat. The cooks are busy preparing the everlasting fish and rice for the Mohammedan crews. The divers have, perforce, to content themselves with a cup of coffee and a piece of bread, as it is impossible to do good work under water with a full stomach.

The diving dress is a waterproof combination of coat, vest, trousers, and stockings, all in one. The only inlets or outlets are the wide collar and the wristlets. Dressed in a double set of heavy flannels (to absorb the perspiration), the diver, with the "tender's" aid, works his way, feet first, into the dress; his hands are soaped, so that they may slip through the tight-

stirred up by strong tides, or rough weather, it is necessary to go on all fours to find bottom. A good day's work is anything over 200 pairs of shells, although I have known as many as 1,000 to be picked up in that time. Pearls can never be reckoned on as certainties. Finding them is altogether a matter of luck. One diver may open ten after ten of shells without securing anything but a few seed pearls, while another may take a fortune cut of a day's gathering.

Diving, and particularly pearl diving, is an exceedingly dangerous occupation, and accidents on the pearling grounds are of common occurrence. A diver runs the risk of losing his life by ripping or tearing his dress upon sharp rocks or corals, through which he must often pick his way. Then, again, an accident may happen to the air-pump, in which case he is suffocated; or the air-pipe may become uncoupled or burst, with the same fatal result. But perhaps the greatest danger which besets a diver when below is that of fouling on the bottom, and to explain how easily this may happen, I will relate an experience of my own:

I had been working all day, and about "knock off" time, having a full bag of shells, I screwed up the escape



ATTACKED BY AN OCTOPUS.

valve in order to fill the dress with air and make myself lighter, and gave the customary signal to ascend. The life-line tightened, and I was soon lifted from my feet and being drawn toward the lighter water above. The angry frame of mind that usually attends the diver at work gradually passed away as I was raised to the surface, and I was just getting good-tempered at the thought of a mouthful of fresh air, when I felt a sudden jerk under my left arm, and at the same instant my progress was stopped.

Before I realized what was the matter, the air-pipe was torn from the check that held it under my arm, slipped over it, and pulled my head downward; while the hauling of the "tender" above on the life-line round my waist raised the lower part of my body and left me suspended heels up.

In the first few moments of my surprise and terror I did not stop to consider what had happened. My presence of mind deserted me, and I struggled and screamed like a madman.

After a little while, having kicked myself into a state of exhaustion and common sense, I reasoned out the cause of my dilemma. As the strain of the air-pipe was downward, and that of the life-line upward, I concluded that the pipe must be fast below, and that the only thing to be done was to go down and clear it. First, I regulated the air in the dress, letting out as much as I could spare, for in my present position all the air went into my legs, and kept them floating straight upwards, and then I tried to make the "boys" understand that I wanted them to lower me.

All my shakes and jerks on the life-line, however, were without avail. By that time all hands, except those pumping, had tailed on, and were doing their level best to pull me in halves. Fortunately, all my gear was in good shape, or they might have accomplished it. Finally, after hanging betwixt the top and the bottom about half an hour, my "tender" had sense enough to signal for another diver, and I was at last released and hauled up, more dead than alive. The cause of this accident was simply that the careless holder of the pipe, instead of keeping it taut, had allowed it to drag on the bottom until it fouled around the base of a coral cap. Had the tide not been slack at the time, the weight of the boat, which was practically anchored by the air-pipe, would have torn the helmet from my shoulders and the result would have been different.

Octopuses are seldom met with in Australian waters, though there is always the possibility of such a thing, and occasionally one hears of an encounter. The deaths of many native divers who go down and never appear again, are attributed to the tridacna, a gigantic mollusk of the clam order, which closes with a vice-like grip upon any thing that passes its lips.

Another fish that is unpleasant to meet is that known as the stone-fish. It is small, being only a few inches in length, but its bite is poisonous. Apparently, it makes its home under the pearl shell for it is only when picking up a shell that a diver is bitten. After a bite from this spiteful little member of the finny tribe, it is wise to remain under water as long as possible. The pressure, causing much bleeding at the bitten part, expels the poison.

Black and yellow sea-snakes are constant companions of the diver, though quite harmless; also stingarees, blowfish, mullet, and a hundred other varieties known among divers by names descriptive of some peculiarity of the fish themselves, but which to the reader mean nothing. A few of them are known to science by names that mean less.

Too Nervous. "Professor, why are prize-fighters never found in football teams?" "They can't stand the punishment."—Detroit Free Press.

PURE GOLD BULLETS.

CALIFORNIA TRAPPERS MELTED DOWN YELLOW METAL.

"Peg-Leg" Smith Hunted for the Hills But He Never Found Them Again and He Died in Extreme Poverty—Searching for a Lost Mine.



PROSPECTORS and miners in southern California are talking about a remarkable "lost" gold mine and an expedition is soon to start in search of it, says the New York World. It is called the "Peg-Leg Smith" mine.

Smith, after whom it was named, was a California trapper before the discovery of gold in that state. In the fall of 1835 he joined a party to hunt on the banks of the Gila river, where fur animals were reported to be very plentiful. Shortly after their arrival Smith had the misfortune to suffer a compound fracture of one of his legs, the bone being crushed in such a manner by a huge mass of rock as to render ineffective the crude knowledge of surgery possessed by his comrades. He is accredited with amputating his limb with an old saw and of searing the bleeding stump with a red-hot ramrod. Incredible as it seems, there are men who say it is a fact. They trapped up the east bank of the Gila river for some distance before they crossed, but how far up is, unfortunately, not known. The location of their ford would be a key to the lost wealth. After crossing the river they continued on westward for the purpose of exploring the then unknown desert. The second or third night after crossing their pack animals strayed away from camp and their half-breed herder, whom they had brought with them from Santa Fe, took their trail. He returned late in the afternoon with the animals and his pockets full of a dull, yellowish metal. He reported having found the animals several miles to the southwest, feeding around the base of some small hills. One of these he climbed to take observations as to the location of the camp and found a quantity of the metal along the sides and on the summit. Gold, it must be remembered, had not yet been discovered in the west and placer gold was an unknown metal. After trying it with fire and their knives the trappers, being illiterate, pronounced it brass, not knowing that that metal was a composite. They tried it in their molds and found that it made excellent bullets. As their stock of lead was running low, they decided to send a detail to the hills the next day to lay in a supply. This was done and, according to Peg-Leg, who accompanied the detail, "three little dark-red hills were literally covered with the metal, some of the chunks being so large that one man could hardly lift them." In a short time the detail had picked up all the metal that could be conveniently carried without any apparent diminution in the supply. The detail returned to the camp and the next day was employed in making a large supply of bullets, as there was an abundance of Indian signs and the redskins gave evidence of becoming troublesome. The day following the party took up its line of march along a well-defined Indian trail, their experience teaching them that it would pass by some water hole farther on. They had hardly got well under way when they were attacked by Indians and a running fight ensued for the entire day. But as few of the Indians were armed with old rifles, the majority having lances, bows and arrows and clubs, the trappers had little difficulty in keeping them off. While passing a high clay butte along the trail a bullet whizzed by Peg-Leg's head and buried itself in the sun-baked clay. From curiosity Peg-Leg dug it out with the point of his knife and found that it was yellow metal, similar to those the white men were shooting. After Marshall's discovery of gold Peg-Leg compared that find with the "yellow metal" in his possession, and then he realized that the "supposed brass" was virgin gold, and they had been shooting it at Indians. At the time of the discovery of gold in California Peg-Leg was a confirmed drunkard and was well along in years. He sold his "brass" nuggets and soon swallowed the proceeds, and then made several ineffectual attempts to return alone to the three "little dark red hills." Later he had no difficulty in organizing expeditions among his acquaintances who had seen his gold and heard his story, but he could never return to the spot. The last time he fetched up at the river, and giving up the search, he returned with his disgusted expedition to Los Angeles, and some time after is reported to have died in a hospital in San Francisco. No doubt of the truth of his story is entertained by old California miners. Those who are now preparing to search for this lost mine say that the fording-place of the trappers on the Colorado would be a probable key to the lost mines. It is generally known that there are but two running, living waters between the river and the scene of the last fight with the Indians, within the number of days traveled. These waters are those in Carrizo creek near the old government trail to Puma, and those of Don Palma, on the old Butterfield stage route. The number of days may have been overestimated, for time stops and the road lengths when one is compelled to fight Indians day and night. Taking all these things into consideration, a search for the lost wealth entails the perilous hardships of prospecting over 15,000 square miles of hot, dry desert and mountains.

The total population of the German empire is returned at 51,779,181.

THE CZAR'S POLICY.

He Has the Power to Make Turkish Massacres Impossible.

Will there be any change or will the powers content themselves with vigorous notes, demands for indemnity for the outrages on foreigners and the destruction of foreign property and lift not a finger to secure the punishment of the rascals? Much will depend upon the course to be taken by Russia. The death of Prince Lobanoff just at this juncture is a matter of international significance. More than any other one man has he been identified with the policy of non-intervention in Turkish matters, in pursuance of his greater policy of Pan-Slavic aggrandizement. To him, Turks, Kurds, Armenians, Nestorians, were simply so many pawns, all of equal value, to be sacrificed or advanced, according to the immediate crisis in the game. There has not appeared in the whole conduct of the Russian foreign office a single hint that the terrible oppression under which the non-Greek Christians of Turkey suffered was regarded with any degree of abhorrence. Certainly no Russian official has lifted a finger to relieve them. From various sources it has become public that the czar and Czarina have recently been apprised of the real nature of Turkish oppression and massacre and have been much moved by the sentiment of the rest of the Christian world in regard to Russia's responsibility for them. It is said that the czar sought to modify Prince Lobanoff's stern, unbending policy, but failed. He has now an opportunity to inaugurate a different one. If he does not, then the full weight of censure from every Christian nation of the world should rest upon him. He has the power to make such massacres an impossibility. If he does not exercise that power he will be held responsible for them.

A Valuable Newspaper Library.

A most interesting and valuable scrap-book collection is that of Miss Dora Burdett, of the Omaha public library. This young lady, who presides over the reading rooms and takes care of the newspaper files, became possessed of the idea that there was a great loss of information when every month these files were destroyed, and she began to clip from them systematically. Enthusiastic and faithful in her work, it steadily grew, until now, with the assistance of the head librarian, who recognized its value, it has become a comprehensive bureau of information. In neat rows on long lines of shelves are ranged the big cardboard envelopes, book shaped, that in alphabetical order contain clippings from the best known newspapers of every large city, comprising a wide and varied range of topics. One department of this unique collection is devoted to biography, and in this the clippings are mounted, and when possible the sketch is headed by a portrait. These are well patronized by the local newspaper people, who want to have cuts made. Each clipping has marked upon it the paper from which it was taken and the date of its appearance.

For the benefit of the public school children there is a department containing descriptions of the Yule tide, the national holidays and every kind of festivity, with appropriate selections in verse and prose.—Troy Times.

The Folly of Unbelief.

In view of the prevailing and abiding love of Him in whose hands all power in heaven and on earth is lodged what a folly seems our unbelief! And what a sin and shame our worry. We have but the duty of the present, the provision for the morrow is our Father's care. And because He cares and wills that we should have the help that never fails His trusting children in their hour of need we can put our whole strength into the moment's work, assured that the morrow's task will never be allowed to pass beyond the morrow's strength.

CONDENSATIONS.

The principal part of a Kaffir's religion consists in singing and dancing.

The city of Florence, Ala., has recently paid \$125,000 for the water-works.

Mrs. Walter Wilkinson, who is said to be the only woman commercial traveler in Great Britain, is visiting in Chicago.

The natural food of the horse is grass; there is nothing else upon which he will grow so large, keep so healthy, or live so long.

Canny—Is Miss Wilbur at home? Norah—No, sorr. Canny—Well—go upstairs and ask her when she will be at home. Norah (going)—Yis, sorr.—Harper's Bazar.

A man in Lawrenceville, Ga., recently sold his horse for 25 cents. He had put it up at auction once before, but as he could not get even that sum for it, he did not sell.

A gang of tramps has been living very comfortably in Benton Harbor, Mich. They have fixed up a deserted mill with beds and fire, and expect to spend the winter there.

Princess Pauline de Metternich, who used to set the fashions in Paris under the second empire, has received the grand medal and diploma of honor for fat cattle at the Budapest exhibition.

A mathematician has computed the movement of a bicycle rider's feet while working a bicycle, and has demonstrated that it requires less exertion to travel fifteen miles on a bicycle than to walk three miles.

The heart of the common oak begins to rot at about the age of three hundred years. The holly oak is longer-lived, and there is a specimen of this tree, age 415 years, in existence near Aschaffenburg, Germany.

SET SOCIETY AGOG.

DISCOVERY OF A FULL BLOOD—ED COUNT IN GOTHAM.

He Married a Poor American Girl Who Remained Ignorant of His Title Until Their Wedding Day—General Reversal of Order of Things.



of the international chess matches, besides being a member of the Manhattan Chess Club.

It was more excited when it discovered that J. Maltzan was in a reality a nobleman, Count Joachim Maltzan, with an ancestry ten centuries old, and that all these years he has been living unassuming in New York tending strictly to his business, which consists of manufacturing millage. When seen Mr. Maltzan said that it was true his wife was away, but that there was no trouble between them; his wife's sister said that all that allied Louise, the count's wife, was that he had spoiled her by indulging her and she was spunky over some trifling difference and would soon return. She spoke highly of her titled brother-in-law and said he was a good husband. He went to Germany last year to visit his "natives," but his wife would not go. Anyhow, through some mistake on idea of American independence. She did not know he was a nobleman till in the marriage ceremony the clergyman who wedded them six years ago made use of her husband's title.

The count denies that he will inherit large estates in Germany, as he represents the younger son of the house, and



COUNTESS LOUISE MALTZAN.

his cousin, who has a large family, is the holder of the estates. The story that his wife married him for a wealthy nobleman and was thereby swindled he brands as false, as she did not know but that he was a plain German till the wedding day. He appears deeply in love with his wife.

Mrs. Maltzan is a pretty woman and is addicted to the bicycle. She wears bloomers because her husband is of the opinion that is the only rational bicycle costume.

Is England Menaced?

The chief obstacles to the progress of education in England are partly spirit and religious intolerance. Proposals for educational reform are discussed and decided, not in a philosophical spirit but with all the acrimony of partisans. Yet it is admitted that the case is a very urgent one, that England is engaged in a struggle with her foreign competitors not only for the supremacy but even for the very existence of her industries, that her workers are worse instructed than her rivals and are on that account going to the wall, and that better education, both elementary and technical, is vital to the continuance of her property. It is the fact that in both town and country elementary instruction is so backward that even if adequate technical schools were provided the mass of the people are unfitted to take full advantage of them. Yet, notwithstanding all this, English statesmen will postpone reform indefinitely if they can see their way to secure a party advantage thereby. The only hope is that public opinion may appreciate before it is too late the position of education, both elementary and technical, may become agreed as to the direction in which development ought to take place and may force parliament and the government to grapple with the difficulties which have to be overcome.—North American Review.

This Actor Drew Blood.

An anecdote is going the rounds in Australia concerning the manner in which a well-known leading actor supplied the accidental absence of a necessary item of "make-up." He was playing Macbeth, and when he came to the murder scene he asked in vain for the blood with which he had intended to imbue his hands.

After abusing the property man roundly for his neglect, the actor, struck with a happy thought, suddenly hit the functionary on the nose, so that a good supply of crimson fluid was obtained, and in this the actor bathed his hands. It is said that after the performance there was a "realistic" conflict between the "pro" and the property man, in which more "claret" was "tapped"—this time not for stage purposes.

An ingenious blinged garment stretcher, which simulates the human form and when not in use folds into a small compass.

DIED FROM JOY.

A Chicago Doctor Who Couldn't Stand the Strain of Approaching Nuptial Bliss.

Excited over his love affairs and his approaching departure for Europe, Dr. Ernst J. Tanke, of Chicago, proprietor of the drug store at Ohio and Wells streets, fell dead the other day from heart failure in the office of his friend, Dr. William Theis, at No. 195 Fremont street. A few weeks ago, says the Chicago Record, he received a letter from Koenigsberg, in East Prussia, where he lived before coming to America. He is known to have made an answer. Last Tuesday afternoon he received a telegraph message, which, although he told no one of its contents, put him in a state of great excitement. At the meeting of a German society in Jung's hall Tuesday night he was merry, chatting with everybody, and especially with his friend Dr. Theis, with whom he made an appointment for yesterday morning. Early Wednesday morning he went to the office of Dr. Theis and explained that he was going to Germany; that he wanted to leave immediately, and that he was to be married to his old sweetheart. He cautioned Dr. Theis not to say anything about it, but said he would return within thirty days with his bride. He returned again about 10 o'clock, talked merrily with the household and departed, returning the second time at 11:45, to find Dr. Theis gone. He waited in a private room. Mrs. Theis passed through the room, and remarked that Dr. Tanke was sleeping, and guests in the house saw him about noon seemingly sound asleep. Dr. Theis returned to the house at 12:45, to find his friend dead in the chair, with his head thrown back and smiling. It is believed that the excitement caused by his prospect of future bliss affected his heart, which lately had been weak in its action.

SOGUS CLASSICS.

It Is Now Claimed That Some of the Ancient Writers Were Fakes.

The assertion is now made that some of the recent classics are forgeries. Almost every one of the classics has fallen under this suspicion at one time or another.

A French writer asserts that, with a few exceptions, every one of the Greek and Latin classics are forgeries dating from the period of the Renaissance. The practice of literary forgery is almost as old as literature itself. In the sixth century, B. C., Onomacritus who was intrusted by Ptolemy with preparing an edition of the sacred writings of Musaeus, was detected in the act of forging them. There is also little doubt that a passage in Homer referring to the exploits of the Athenians at the siege of Troy was inserted to glorify the Athenians of later ages. There are several passages of Virgil that labor under the same suspicion. It has been plausibly argued that several books of the Annals of Tacitus were forged by Poggio Bracciolini, a Florentine scholar, whose marvelous attainments rendered him quite equal to the task. The duties of the editor were also very liberally construed in the past. Hardly any of the extant writings of Aristotle can be attributed to the philosopher himself. They are mostly expansions of loose notes of lectures published under his name in order to give them wider acceptance. The acumen of Richard Bentley has long since convinced the world that the celebrated Letters of Phalaris are nothing but forgeries. The same may be said of the writings of Ingulphus, the Decretals of Isidore, certain passages in Hesiod, and in many other ancient authors.

NANSEN'S WIFE.

Personality of the Companion of the Great Arctic Explorer.

While all the world has heard of Nansen, the explorer, and has seen many pictures of him, the face of his wife is less familiar, though in her way Mrs. Nansen, too, is a celebrity.



MRS. NANSEN.

She is a very lovely woman and a vocalist of local renown, singing in public in Norway. There is a story going the rounds of the press that before starting on his three years' voyage Nansen divorced his wife in order that she might be free to marry should he never be heard of again and his death not be legally proven. The same report says that he remarried her on his return.

Poor Millionaire.

Australian millionaires seem to be unduly sensitive to criticism. An unfortunate capitalist in Vienna has committed suicide. He left a letter behind him explaining that he could no longer endure the attacks of the anti-Semitic party, and especially the unfounded allegation that he had imported goods into Vienna without paying the proper petrol duties. It seems an excess of scruple. Imagine an American millionaire cutting his throat because somebody said he had been trying to dodge the payment of his taxes.



DIVER WITH BASKET OF PEARL SHELLS.

Biting rubber wristlets, and then the boots are buckled on. The latter are leaden-soled and weigh 32 pounds. Next the noselet or shoulder-piece is added, and screwed lightly to the collar of the dress. Then the life-line and pipe are attached, the eighty-pound back and chest weights suspended from the shoulders, the helmet screwed on, and the diver is ready to step over the side.

Pearl diving is carried on at a depth of sixty to 100 feet. At the latter depth a diver cannot remain under more than ten minutes on account of the pressure. In forty feet or fifty feet of water it is possible to remain below two hours without suffering much inconvenience. As to the distance one can see when below, it is governed entirely by the state of the water. If clear, objects can be distinctly seen forty or fifty feet; but if dirty, that is,